

The Little Brown House.
Just over the brow of the hill,
Overlooking the valley below,
Where the feathered pine are all up'd
With crystals of beautiful snow;
A little brown cottage doth stand,
And some of the inmates I know.

There's Jemmy a red-headed lad;
Full of business from morning till night,
Nicer blending his work with his play,
And seeming in both to delight,
With a motive that's higher than they—
An earnest desire to do right.

There's Annie, a gay little witch;
With round red cheeks and black eyes,
With a voice that is sweet as a bird's,
And lips that would soon to tell lies;
With hands always ready to help—
Is not little Annie a prize?

The grey-headed grandfather sits
In a chair by the warm-glowing fire;
Half asleep in the soft light he sits,
And the children draw near to admire
The thin snowy locks and white beard
Which mark the long years of the sire.

The dear mother's grave, pleasant face,
For a moment a dull shadow wears;
But shadows are there out of place,
And the wife has forgotten her cares;
For hark! on the still evening air,
Her husband's quick footsteps she hears.

There is poverty, so says the world,
In the little brown house on the hill;
There are riches of value untold,
That the heart with contentment doth fill;
That wealth that is better than gold,
That all men may have if they will.

A MARVELOUS EVENT.

Mrs. Janet Mowbray and her four sons lived in 1828 at Harwick Hall, in the county Durham, England. Mrs. Mowbray was a tall, powerful woman of great energy and bravery, in her fifty-fourth year. Her sons were aged respectively thirty-four, twenty-seven, twenty-four, and twenty-one. Her husband had been dead many years. Her two eldest sons were married, and their wives and families lived with her. The youngest, George, was wild and dissipated, and had given his mother much trouble. He was deeply in debt, and had been repeatedly threatened with arrest. Mrs. Mowbray was wealthy, and kept in her bedroom, besides a quantity of valuable plate, a large sum of money.

On Christmas eve Mrs. Mowbray's sons and daughters-in-law paid a visit to the residence of a relative, Mr. Chaker, of Chartersburg. The domestics, relieved from duty, were in their own portion of the dwelling, enjoying the festivities of the season. The watchman, who was ordinarily in duty in the kitchen garden, took a hasty survey of his beat, and joined the revellers in the kitchen.

On Christmas night they were to have a small gathering of friends and neighbors, and Mrs. Mowbray began to consider the necessary arrangements. She would require the old punch bowl, and the ladies and gobslets which she kept in the closet of her bedroom. She went accordingly and entered the closet and took out the silver, and laid it on the shelf, ready for removal the next morning. At the same time she took out a large old-fashioned carving-knife and fork of a quaint pattern, and deposited them on the shelf. She then returned to the parlor. After sitting and musing for some time, she took up the Bible and fumbled for her spectacles. She could not find them, and at length remembered that she had left them on the shelf in the closet. She at once returned for them. Entering her bedroom, she placed the candle on the dressing-table, and lighted a small lamp, with which she entered the closet.

As she took the first step inside the closet, she heard the sound of as if some one breathing heavily. She looked up and saw right before her the face of a man. She was a brave, and she was not a little startled. She saw a man's head, arms and body were through the small window at the end, as though in the act of wriggling himself through the opening. In the man's right hand was a pistol, and his left hand had hold of a shelf which ran along the side of the closet. The man raised the pistol and fired. Mrs. Mowbray in an instant seized the huge carving-knife which lay on the shelf, and advanced toward the ruffian. He was struggling to withdraw himself from the window. His hands were on the sill, and his head somewhat raised, leaving his neck exposed.

Being unable to work himself out of the aperture, he raised the pistol as though to hurl it at Mrs. Mowbray. The courageous old lady made one step forward, and dashed the keen blade across the man's throat, laying it open from ear to ear. She then calmly retired, closed the closet door, blew out the lamp, and taking up her candle returned to the parlor, first having satisfied herself that not a drop of blood had stained her dress or hands.

Half an hour after midnight her children returned home. They found their mother seated by the fire, serenely reading the Bible. They greeted her affectionately, and prepared to retire for the night. Mrs. Mowbray said, "Boys, remain behind a little. I wish to speak to you. You, my daughters, can retire."

When she was alone with her children, she said, with dignity and calmness, "My children, I have killed a man. You will find his body fast in the small window of the closet off my bedroom."

Her sons stared at her in amazement. They at first imagined that she must be laboring under some mental disorder; but when she related to them, plainly and rationally, and in her own straightforward, terse fashion, the story as just told, they saw that she was telling them a simple fact.

"Go," she said, "make what arrangements you please. I will wait here, and you can tell me what course is best to pursue in this matter."

their exclamation, and get their mother away from the spot. It was in vain.

"Boys," she said, in her old, well-known tone of authority, "stand aside and let me see the face of the villain I have slain."

With that she put her sons aside as though they were mere lads, and walked through the slippery gore that lay upon the floor up to the body. She took the candle from the unrelenting grasp of her first-born, and, with a hand that trembled not, lifted the head of the dead man so that the light shone full upon it. She gazed at it steadily for half a minute, then said, gently lowering it, until it rested upon the breast again, "It's my boy George."

Mrs. Mowbray was the only one in the household who remained calm and motionless. The family was in the wildest state of sorrow. The three brothers with difficulty extricated the body from the window. The authorities were notified, and every thing was kept as quiet as possible. The inquest was duly held. Mrs. Mowbray was full, unexcused, and the body was tenderly prepared for burial. The real story was known to few outside the family and authorities. It was believed by them that George, instead of going to Devonshire, had remained lurking in the neighborhood, and had planned the robbery, and if need be the murder of his mother. He knew that she would be alone that night, and that she had a large sum of money and valuable jewels in her room. The old nurse who had held George in her arms when he first saw the light, took care of the body, and prepared it for the tomb.

She drove tenderly on the familiar marks upon the limbs and face which she knew so well, each of which had a story of youthful daring or folly connected with it. In due time the funeral took place. The corpse was laid in the family vault. Only the family and one or two relatives attended. Mrs. Mowbray spent the best part of each day by the side of her dead son. She showed externally no signs of emotion. Before the lid was closed she kissed the forehead and cut off a lock of his hair.

The day after the burial she gave directions to her eldest son to pay all the dead man's debts, which was done at once so far as known. Gloom settled over the hall. The wing of the building in which the tragedy occurred was closed up, and Mrs. Mowbray removed to a bedroom upstairs.

On the fifth day after the funeral a post-chaise drove up to the door of Harwick Hall, and from it stepped George Mowbray, looking better than he had looked for many a long day before he left home. The servant who opened the hall door started back, and almost dropped with fright. His exclamations caught the ears of Mrs. Mowbray and her sons, who seemed to be dumb-founded. George was as much astonished as any of them, and gazed from one to the other, perfectly lost in bewildered surprise. There was no doubt of it. George Mowbray, whom every body believed dead and in his grave, was living and before them.

"Mother," said George, advancing towards her, "what is the matter? My return is easily accounted for. On reaching Tawvale, I found that my uncle's family had been unexpectedly summoned to London, as my eldest cousin, Sir John Gray's wife, was thought to be dying. I took a night's repose, and then started home again, and here I am."

Mrs. Mowbray walked up to him, gazed into his face, and then, without a word, folded him in a passionate embrace. Each of his brothers grasped his hands and kissed him, as they were wont to do when he was a boy and the pet of the family. The old nurse, aroused from her noon-day slumber, embraced and wept over him, and the servants gathered around with wet eyes and congratulatory expressions.

All this time George knew nothing of the true reason for this singular reception. Soon, however, the mystery was explained to him. The effect upon him cannot be described.

Measures were immediately taken to have the body of the man who had been buried as George Mowbray disinterred. This was done, and as the living George stood beside the dead man, the resemblance was seen to be the most extraordinary. The marks on the face and hands corresponded with those on George's, the scars on the legs were similar, also, and the hair, eye-brows and finger-nails were marvelously alike. Who the dead man was, was never ascertained. After George's return, however, inquiries were made, such as it was never deemed needful to make so long as the dead man was supposed to be Mrs. Mowbray's youngest son.

These inquiries led to the discovery that the day before the tragedy three men, supposed to be from London, took up their quarters at an inn in a neighboring village, one of them the landlord thought he recognized as having been in Mrs. Mowbray's service as a groom. The footprints of three persons were also discovered in the garden, and some time after a rope ladder and a horse-trough, which had apparently been used to lay upon the spikes at the top of the garden wall, were discovered in the neighboring copse; but the name of the dead man was never discovered.

OFFERED HIS SHIRT.—At an interview, with the President of the United States, of the Sioux Indians, Medicine Bear opened the "big talk" with a speech but before doing so, laid his huge arm on the mantle-piece, and after removing his head-dress deliberately proceeded to unsnatch himself from the no small astonishment of the pale faces present. After divesting himself of his nether garment he advanced towards the President, and holding it aloft, was about to put it over the Great Father's head, when General Cowen took hold of it, and placing it on a chair, told Medicine Bear, through the interpreter that the Great Father would not wear it just then, but would accept it as a proof of his (Medicine Bear's) good will. It seems that this Medicine Bear's war shirt, adorned, in which he had lifted the hair of many a hapless victim, and that he desired to present it to the Great Father in token of the estimation in which he held him as the big chief of the pale faces. Among the Teton Sioux, and in fact among many other Indian tribes, similar garments are highly prized, fabulous values being set upon them by the wearers.

Speech to Burnside.

General A. E. Burnside:
DEAR GENERAL: I have read with great interest your address to the soldiers and sailors who served in the Union army and navy during the late war. As I was one of the soldiers alluded to I trust you will not be displeased if I say a few words in response thereto. You tell us that you and others, as our representatives, met at Pittsburgh and adopted a series of resolutions which we have already seen. You complain that Mr. Greeley has expressed the opinion that you assembled for political purposes, and that you hoped to accomplish those purposes by reviving the animosities and hatreds engendered by war. You further say that these remarks of Mr. Greeley and his entire lack of courtesy toward the soldiers and sailors serve to confirm you in the opinion that he is quite unfit to be trusted in any position where loyalty to his Government, a just regard to the feelings of others, and an abnegation of self is required. You then proceed to inform us in conclusion, that it only remains for you to urge us to organize in harmony with the regular Republican organizations, and do all in our power to elect General Grant. The first thought that occurred to my mind on reading this address was, "What was there in General Burnside's military career that justified him in telling the hundreds of thousands of soldiers who served during the late war what they should do in the time of peace? Did anything occur at the first Bull Run, at Roanoke Island, at Fredericksburg, in East Tennessee, or at the mine explosion in front of Petersburg, which entitles him to assume command of us in time of peace, and order us to the front to fight in behalf of a political party?"

My second thought was: "Is it creditable to the soldiers of the late war that one of their number should be permitted to spend his pretended representation to spend his time in reviving the animosities and hatreds engendered by war? Is it creditable to the soldiers of the late war that one of their number should be permitted to spend his time in reviving the animosities and hatreds engendered by war? Is it creditable to the soldiers of the late war that one of their number should be permitted to spend his time in reviving the animosities and hatreds engendered by war?"

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Chairman of the Liberal Republican Committee.
Philadelphia, Oct. 8, 1872.

Greeley and Stewart.
Mr. Alexander T. Stewart, the merchant prince of New York, has just had a conversation upon politics with a reporter of the Herald. In the course of this conversation Mr. Stewart expressed views of great weight and cogency upon the financial consequences of Horace Greeley's election. These views are not only sound and judicious in themselves, but are stated with such admirable clearness of language that we give them in our readers exactly as they are reported.

"Reporter—Mr. Stewart, you are probably aware of the existence of an impression in the public mind, and which is sought to be strengthened to aid the Administration interest in the coming election, that the elevation of Mr. Greeley to the Presidency would lead to results adverse to the financial interests of the mercantile community and of the country generally. I have been directed by the Herald to call upon you, sir, to learn whether it is agreeable to you to make public your views upon the subject."

"Mr. Stewart—What is it you want to know?"
"Reporter—Well, we want to know whether you look forward to Mr. Greeley's election as likely to produce uneasiness and financial difficulty in the financial world?"
"Mr. Stewart—I do not. Why should it lead to difficulty?"
"Reporter—Well, it is said that Mr. Greeley's peculiar financial views would be the reverse of those entertained by Mr. Boutwell."

Brooklyn, Oct. 4, 1872.

Reasons for Supporting Greeley.
I have been a Republican, not to make Grant another Louis Napoleon, but to make our elections a mere farce, but in order that every man should have his rights, that the people should rule in this land. It has been said that Horace Greeley was not my first choice. That is true. But now there is no choice. The issue is between Grant and Greeley, and could I, as an honest citizen, give my aid to Grant? I am practical, give me a canker or festering sore in the body politic, I cut it out, not needing the instrument with which I cut. The Administration of Grant is a constant menace to our liberties. It denotes the continuance of Southern oppression; it denotes the perpetration of party despotism. Do you, friends, wish to give these a new lease of power? Horace Greeley's election means the abolition of the abuses of this Administration. It means reconciliation, peace, and good-will. It means honesty and true Civil Service Reform. Can we doubt whom to choose? I have not cast off the shackles of an old party to take up those of another. No. The time has come for the formation of new parties, alive to the issues of the present, and dead to the hatreds of the past. In such a party I take my stand, honestly, earnestly, and unswervingly. The vipers that, under the guise of Government, are sucking the life-blood of the South, must be removed. Secretary Boutwell, in North Carolina, protested against clashing hazards across the bloody stream. He wants other guarantees. Has the South not given enough? Has it not shown its good faith? Every demand of ours has been granted by them. Can we ask more? Perhaps the South should show its good faith by voting for Gen.

Grant—for him who has, by his carpet-bag Governments, brought it to the brink of ruin? Administration errors do not like the "bloody chasm." We shall fill it up by casting into it the carpet-baggers and scoundrels of the South, and the corrupt officials of the North. Even on the ground of mere interest, it is to the welfare of the country that trade be restored at the South. And can this be done under carpet-bag rule?—*Carl Schurz.*

The Triumph of Fraud.

ADDRESS FROM THE LIBERAL STATE COMMITTEE.

To the people of Pennsylvania:
The successful consummation of a measure of fraud in this city, that must appal alike the guilty authors and their no less guilty respectable abettors, has made Philadelphia appear to give the unexampled majority of over 30,000 in favor of continued corrupt rule in Pennsylvania.

With every channel of power ready to aid in executing the systematic defiance of the popular will; with deluged or planted canvasses to register 25,000 fraudulent names; with the most desperate repeaters of three cities to vote the registry; with abundance of money-plundered from the people to pay them; with election officers selected expressly to receive votes offered in favor of the ring; with a police force to pilot repeaters to their localities, and protect them in polling illegal votes; with officers of the law to guarantee their immunity from punishment, and with a large preponderance of our citizens, who claim to be the champions of morality and reform, giving their unequalled sanction to what they knew to be a deliberately planned pollution of ballot box—the result is but the logical result of the rule that is now supremely enthroned in our city and State.

Not was this gigantic system of fraud confined to Philadelphia. In the principal cities and towns throughout the State thousands of illegal votes have been polled. The Liberal cause was thus overwhelmed in Reading, Chester, West Chester, Lancaster, Harrisburg, Pittsburgh, and other localities, while rural districts exhibit large and uniform gains. I am warranted in announcing that the large majority is wholly fraudulent.

Friends of good government, let no triumph of lawlessness deter you from giving your best energies to the cause. The highest prerogative of a free people has been violently usurped by insolent and debauched power, and the people must resent it, and resent it promptly, or give unquestioned license to wrong. Now, more than ever in this contest, is the election of Horace Greeley to the Presidency a supreme necessity, if peace and honest government are not to perish from the annals of our history. Right must triumph sooner or later, and it will triumph in this desperate struggle if the people shall prove faithful to themselves, to their laws and to their country.

A. K. McClellan.
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made; but not one of these lengthy writers or speakers has said as much as Mr. Stewart in the few lines above quoted. The judgment of a man of talent and experience, and extraordinary familiarity with political economy and finance, appears in every word.

The Lightning Rod Swindle.

So many people have suffered from a crowd of swindlers who do business in lightning rods, that we give the following story, in order that you may judge the swindlers from the honest men.

A man of good address, in fact what may be termed a good talker, makes his appearance, driving a smart turn-out, and engages the owner of a house (if a new one, so much the better), in conversation, and expatiates on the advantages of having one's house or barn protected from lightning. He has a collection of newspaper clippings containing accounts of buildings that have been struck by lightning, and in part or wholly destroyed.

If any of these have occurred within a comparatively short distance of the locality where the agent then is, so much the better. He so works upon the fears of the house owner, that the latter, if of a nervous temperament, fully expects to have his buildings destroyed by the electric fluid the next time a thunder shower comes that way. He, finally, asks to see the price list of the agent, and the latter exhibits it, and shows that for a comparatively small sum, lightning rods, with the necessary attachments, can be erected. A bargain is struck, and it is agreed that for a sum ranging from \$25 to \$50, the house will be made safe against electric fluid in whatever shape it may come. Before leaving, however, the agent looks over the buildings, and suggests one or two additions, without mentioning, however, that it will incur additional expense; or, if the purchaser is cautious enough to make an inquiry, is assured that the additional expense will be trifling, and is as nothing compared to the additional security that will be afforded. The agent drives away, and in a few days thereafter two men arrive, fully provided with all the necessary implements and materials, and proceed to erect the lightning rods and attachments. The work is done, and the man drive away. In a short time, a bill for the work done is sent in, and the house owner is astounded to find that he is called upon to pay, not \$25 or \$50, as he had supposed, but from \$125 to \$250. He calls at the office of the company, and demands an explanation. He is assured that the bill is a correct one—that the items are properly rendered, and that payment must be made. He instances the bargain originally made with the agent, and is told that that is of no account, because of the additions afterwards made. In a rage, the victim declares that he will never pay the bill, and is assured that he will be sued for it, and that he will merely have the expense of the suit, in addition to his bill, to pay. If he still refuses payment, suit is brought, and by dint of swearing to each individual item on the part of the agent and employer, the victim is beaten, and compelled to pay, not alone the small amount, but the costs of the suit.

—no small amount. He has been swindled throughout the whole transaction, but he has no remedy. This is but a specimen of scores of well-authenticated cases.

BUSINESS.—Take advantage of modern facilities, and accomplish as much in a single day as required months and years formerly. Use the means within your reach, there is something for everybody to do, and a place for every one who is willing to work. Don't depend on your own lungs alone; use the lungs of the press. Treat your customers as your friends, by serving them in the best manner, and never let them be deceived or disappointed. Find recreation in looking after your business, and your business will not be neglected in looking after recreation. Buy fair, and sell fair, take care of the profits, and be economical. Should misfortune overtake you, retrench, work harder, but never fly the track; comfort difficulties with unflinching perseverance; should you then fail, you will be honored; but shrink, and you will be despised. The tricky, deceitful and dishonest, are rarely prosperous, for where confidence is withdrawn, poverty is likely to follow. Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave others to talk as they will. Never speak boastfully of your business; keep your own counsel about the management of your affairs. Be charitable according to your means. To compete successfully with a neighbor, participate in the facilities to go ahead.

THE PIANO IN TURKEY.—Leopold De Meyer, the celebrated pianist had such an experience in Turkey! He was sent for, when in Constantinople to thump out some music before the Sultan in the Seraglio. It wasn't an easy thing to do. "You are sent for," says he, "at eight in the morning in order to play at three in the afternoon; you wait seven hours in a very fine gallery, where it is forbidden to sit. From time to time you are informed of what his highness is doing. His highness has just got up—you must prostrate yourself. A little later you are told his highness is taking his bath—you prostrate yourself again. His highness is dressing—you prostrate yourself. His highness is taking his coffee and you prostrate yourself. Each of these particulars more profoundly than before. At length, your piano is brought in. The legs have been taken off so as not to injure the floor, a precious mosaic of rare woods. The immense grand piano is placed on five Turkish wretched men support the crushing mass on their knees. "Why," you say, "I can't play on a five Turkish piano." It is thought that you hesitate because the instrument is not horizontal. A cushion is therefore placed under the knees of the smallest Turk. No one supposes that a sentiment of humanity makes you hesitate. After a long explanation of this refinement of civilization the piano is placed on its own legs again. The Sultan appears. After all sorts of salams you are told to play. You ask for a chair; there is no chair. No one ever sits in presence of his highness." M. De Meyer suppresses one detail, however. He played a long fantasia on his knees, and when at the end, the Sultan said he must be very tired, he convinced his highness of the contrary by moving around the gallery on his hands.

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MONARCHS.—A book has appeared embracing all the destructive traits of rulers, since the foundation of kingdoms to the end of the eighteenth century. Altogether there have been 2,542 sovereigns, reigning over 64 nations; of these 290 were de-throned, 64 abdicated, 30 committed suicide, 11 went mad, 105 were slain in combat, 123 made prisoners, 25 martyred, 151 murdered, 62 poisoned, and 105 condemned to death. France includes 83 of these monarchs, of whom 11 are classed as idiots—a number no other state surpasses—only one as "learned" two were dethroned, five restored, and only one abdicated—Napoleon III.

The Water- Unicorn.

Among the near kindred of the whale is the famous unicorn—not the companion of the lion on the British coat-of-arms, but its counterpart among the wonders of the deep. Inferior of size to the right whale, it has the advantage of a most formidable weapon, with which Nature has provided it for as yet unknown purposes. This is the monstrous tooth which projects from the upper jaw of the animal; it is as large as a man's thigh at the base, turned in a spiral, and sharply pointed at the end; hollow within. It shows externally the finest and whitest ivory known to the trade. The Narwhal, or nose-whale, was so called because the Dutch, who seem to have had the christening of most quaint things in the northern regions, at first took this horn, projecting straight ahead, ten or even fifteen feet, for a grotesque long nose. Some say the animal uses this odd appendage to pierce holes through the ice when he comes up to breathe others, which he grazes. There is no doubt that, at times, he transfixes fish with his gigantic stiletto, so that he may be able to devour them at leisure.

The legend has it, that a king of Denmark, wishing to make somebody a present of a piece of the horn of the unicorn—for such it was long considered—ordered one of his high officials to cut off a piece of the thicker end of a fine specimen which he possessed. The officer did so, and, to his astonishment, found what he had looked upon as a solid horn was hollow, and in the concavity he discovered a smaller horn of the same shape and the same substance. The latter was about a foot long, and this resemblance to the teeth of men first led, it is thought, to the idea that the unicorn might after all be nothing more than a gigantic tooth. In those days, however, the superstitious people attached marvelous power to the wonderful horn, and a brisk trade was carried on in fine specimens, and even in broken fragments.

The male alone possesses this formidable weapon; the female having, instead, two small teeth, of little use for the purpose of attack or defense. In the male, however, one of these two is disproportionately developed, while the other remains of diminutive size, or disappears gradually altogether, very much as in the case with the claws of certain crabs. At first sight, it would appear as if this giant of the deep, with his terrible sword would be the terror of the seas, killing and devouring all that came near him. On the contrary, however, the narwhal is a very harmless animal, and generally his own enemy more than that of others. His mouth has no teeth, and immovable lips, and is so small that he can swallow little else but mollusks and little fish; and Scrooby, who found in the stomach of one of these strange beings a ray of two feet in length, came to the conclusion that the fish must have been first transfixed by the tooth, and killed before it was devoured. Otherwise it would be difficult to understand how an active fish should have allowed itself to be caught by an animal unable to seize it with the lips or retain it with the tongue, and in a mouth which had not even teeth to tear it to pieces.

Their swiftness, when they are alone, is marvelous; and their capture would be almost impossible were it not for the curious habit they have of traveling in immense troops, and of taking refuge in little bays, from which they cannot easily escape. Small boats approach them, in such cases, with precaution; the poor animals begin to crowd upon each other, they press their ranks so closely that soon their movements are impeded, and their enormous weapons become interlaced, as each one tries to raise the head high in the air. They can neither escape nor defend themselves, and thus fall an easy prey to the lances of the whalers.—"Odd Fish," in *Dublin University Magazine*.

THE PIANO IN TURKEY.—Leopold De Meyer, the celebrated pianist had such an experience in Turkey! He was sent for, when in Constantinople to thump out some music before the Sultan in the Seraglio. It wasn't an easy thing to do. "You are sent for," says he, "at eight in the morning in order to play at three in the afternoon; you wait seven hours in a very fine gallery, where it is forbidden to sit. From time to time you are informed of what his highness is doing. His highness has just got up—you must prostrate yourself. A little later you are told his highness is taking his bath—you prostrate yourself again. His highness is dressing—you prostrate yourself. His highness is taking his coffee and you prostrate yourself. Each of these particulars more profoundly than before. At length, your piano is brought in. The legs have been taken off so as not to injure the floor, a precious mosaic of rare woods. The immense grand piano is placed on five Turkish wretched men support the crushing mass on their knees. "Why," you say, "I can't play on a five Turkish piano." It is thought that you hesitate because the instrument is not horizontal. A cushion is therefore placed under the knees of the smallest Turk. No one supposes that a sentiment of humanity makes you hesitate. After a long explanation of this refinement of civilization the piano is placed on its own legs again. The Sultan appears. After all sorts of salams you are told to play. You ask for a chair; there is no chair. No one ever sits in presence of his highness." M. De Meyer suppresses one detail, however. He played a long fantasia on his knees, and when at the end, the Sultan said he must be very tired, he convinced his highness of the contrary by moving around the gallery on his hands.

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